

Good Morning 785

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Blackboard Brought Fame to Blackmore

CUP-TIES!

Mere mention of them brings back to thousands memories of a last-minute goal that gave victory; of an unknown player who saved the day; of hard-fought games in which no quarter was asked or given.

Cup-ties have probably made an finished more reputations than any other matches, and many of the greatest players ever to step into football owed their opportunity to the uncertainty of the ties.

Exeter City, who have produced many top-notch players, actually found one of their brightest stars, Harold Blackmore, by a "cup-tie accident."

The club, after drawing at home in a F.A. Cup-tie with a neighbouring team, travelled to their opponent's ground in mid-week for the replay.

They took but eleven players with them, and when their centre-forward was taken ill just before the kick-off, they were in a quandary.

At last someone said: "I saw Harold Blackmore, that young amateur, come into the ground a short time ago. Might be an idea to find him."

It was agreed that nothing could be lost by getting Blackmore, but it was like looking for a needle in a haystack in that vast crowd. Eventually a blackboard was secured; on this was written: "Will H. Blackmore Report At The Exeter Dressing-Room," and an official carried it round the touch-lines.

Blackmore, who read this, made himself known, and was told to climb into some borrowed kit. "You're playing centre-forward to-day," he was informed.

Well, Harold Blackmore, despite this somewhat unconventional introduction to Cup football, took his chance with both boots, slammed home the goals which won the match, and later was transferred to Bolton Wanderers in return for a big fee.

He was their leader when they won the F.A. Cup in 1929.

It was from Exeter City that Arsenal secured Clifford Bastin, surely one of the most amazing players of all time. When he was signed, Cliff was only 17, and an inside-right.

The late Herbert Chapman decided that he would shift Bastin on to the left wing until he was bigger and more weighty; decided he should have a couple of years in the reserve side before putting him into League football, the game which asks so much of a man and gives so little in return.

Everything went according to plan until Arsenal found themselves short of forwards for an important Cup-tie, and, much against his wishes, Chapman brought in Bastin. He was against bringing youths into the game until they were thoroughly prepared.

But Bastin, who was played as a "stop-gap," proved a real sensation. He just could not be dropped by Arsenal, and before he had reached the age of 20 had won every honour in the game!

Another great Arsenal and England figure, full-back George Male, is a product of "Cup-tie football." I well remember Male as a sterling centre-half for Clapton, the amateur club, and Arsenal signed him in the face of fierce competition.

Big, strong and fast for such a hefty defender, Male, once

with Arsenal, developed into a fine left-half.

"Just the man to deputise for Bob John," ardent Arsenal fans would say.

When the Cup Final of 1932 arrived, Arsenal found themselves opposed by Newcastle United.

Once again injuries had hit them hard, and among the forced changes was the moving of John to the left-wing and bringing in Male at left-half, John's usual position.

Remember, George Male had never before played in a F.A. Cup-tie and had, up to that moment, played but a few games for Arsenal's senior side.

But he realised that his big chance had arrived, and he took it.

Although Arsenal were beaten by 2 goals to 1, Male so impressed Herbert Chapman that he moved Male to the right-back position when Tom Parker retired.

The rest is history, for Male later became England's regular right back, and had the honour of captaining his country. Yet it was a chance in a million that resulted in him making his reputation.

Frank Swift, the Manchester City and England goalkeeper, is yet another who found greatness resting upon their shoulders after an F.A. Cup-tie.

Swift's experience reads like a chapter out of a boy's story.

In 1933 Swift was a youngster of 19 playing an occasional game for Manchester City's "A" team. In addition, he was a lifeboatman at his native Blackpool.

Now, of course, he is England's Number One goalkeeper.

John Allen

Youngsters make news for A.B. Bill Harman

YOU'VE got two boys and a girl now, A.B. Bill Harman, and though your wife told us you wanted another girl, we bet you will fall for young Barry as soon as you see him. Mrs. Harman, at 22 Chippenham Road, W.9, told us also that he is just like Pat when she was a baby, so that should give you a fair idea of what he looks like.

Pat, by the way, is hoping her little brother will grow up extra quickly so that she can have the pram your wife was lucky enough to get. She wants it for the doll you have promised her "when your ship comes home."

In the meantime, she is liking school very much. Proof of this was her eagerness to get back after she had had her photograph taken to tell her teacher all about it.

David, too, likes school, but he continues to hanker after a Merchant Navy life, and hopes to go to the Nautical School when he is twelve.

World's Maddest Hatter Made Mulberry Harbour

TALK about our grievances about the food situation and income tax! We have a lot to be thankful for, even if we had only half the rations we get—that is, if we compare our food list with the conditions Caligula caused throughout the Roman Empire.

As for income tax—we never had, even in the maddest and most expensive days of war, the utter waste of a nation's resources such as Caligula caused. It might be a reason for the Government of to-day to hang out a banner with the legend, "Think of Caligula and be thankful," or words to that effect.

For Caligula was the maddest hatter who ever ruled a state. He brought ruin to his country by the wildest joke in history. All the same, he was the first to make a Mulberry harbour! It all began because in his youth a fortune teller told him that he had as much chance of becoming Roman Emperor as a man had to ride a horse across the Bay of Naples. But in spite of the seer Caligula did become Emperor, the maddest and most notorious of the first century.

Finding that the first part of the prophecy was wrong, he determined to make the second part go wrong, too. He ordered every harbour master throughout Italy and Sicily to hold all large vessels in their harbours, to dump their cargoes ashore in bond, and then to send them, under convoy of warships, to the Bay of Naples.

The masters collected about four thousand ships, they had more than a thousand built specially for the occasion, and, getting more orders from the imperial joker, they anchored the ships across the bay, prows outward and sterns interlocked, in a double line.

That fleet stretched from the docks of Puteoli to Caligula's villa at Bauli.

TRIUMPH! After waiting in Puteoli for two days he returned across the ship-road in a triumphal golden chariot. After him was carted the loot he had stolen from the town—furniture and statues and gems and things taken from the houses of the rich, who dared not protest. He also brought back hundreds of "hostages" in chains. He had bonfires started all the way across.

When this was done to his satisfaction, Caligula had the ships boarded over. He had

MADMAN'S DREAM.

But the daft Emperor found that the sterns were too high for his ideas, so he had thousands of carpenters out and trimmed them flat, by sawing off the figureheads and the steersman's position.

When this was done to his satisfaction, Caligula had the ships boarded over. He had

earth brought and laid it on the boards, and the earth was rammed down flat, and so a road was made, with flowers on the borders.

Thus he had a road five miles long, the first earth bridge made by sappers; only he did not call them sappers. He called them saps.

After that he decked himself out in a purple robe; but in the middle of his toilet he remembered something, and flew off to order that shops were to be opened on the road of ships, and the shops were to be stocked with rations for ten days. It was to be a big celebration in his honour.

More ships arriving from the East voyages, he had another idea. He lashed many of these new ships together and made five islands of them, and linked the five islands to the roadway.

He made the islands proper villages, with water system, and gardens all planted and blooming.

Caligula then went back to his toilet and put on his robe of purple silk, stiff with jewels and embroidery.

He crowned himself with a garland of oak leaves to show he was Emperor.

He thought again, and decided to make sacrifices to the gods Neptune and Envy, so that he would be squared in case they felt hurt. And when the sacrifices were finished he got up on his white horse, all covered with silk and jewels, too, and ordered his cavalry to follow.

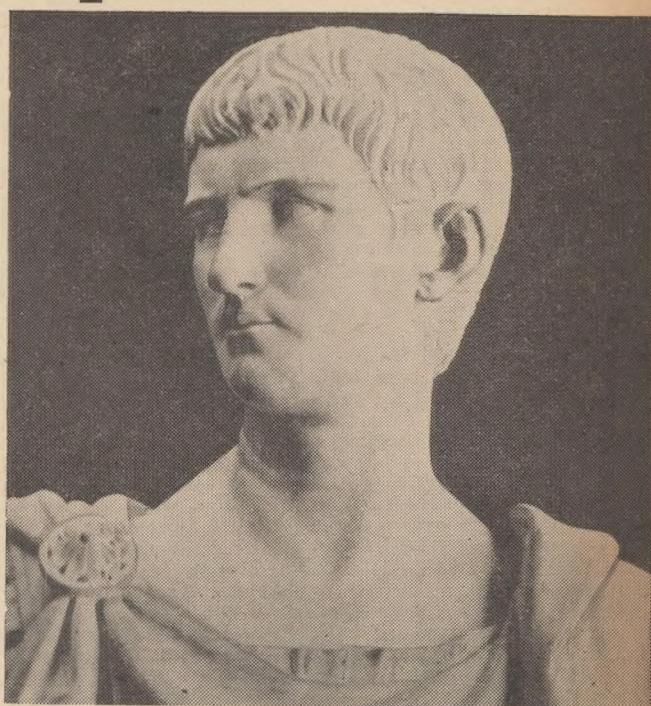
The cavalry consisted of thousands of men, and behind them came 20,000 infantry. The march began.

When Caligula reached the last island, near Puteoli, he waved his hand for his trumpeters to blow a blast. They blasted away, and Caligula dashed into the city as if he was in pursuit of some enemy.

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The daft Emperor Caligula murdered by his own Guards when they had had enough of him.

When he reached Bauli he dismounted and asked for his gold three-pronged spear, and was rowed out in a special barge to the middle island of the five. His troops followed.

The madman then stepped on to a special stand erected for him and harangued the crowds who were cheering. He was so pleased with the cheers that he ordered that every soldier should have two gold pieces given him and every civilian should have five silver coins.

The cheering, according to historians, lasted for half an hour. When it stopped, the money, which he had brought with him, was begun to be paid out.

In a matter of a few hours Caligula was told there was no money left. His coffers were empty.

That made him madder than ever, so he ordered those who hadn't got any money to take it from those who had.

That started a free fight all along the line. Hundreds were killed and many more were wounded. It was like VJ one and two in Piccadilly Circus, only worse.

After the fight Caligula ordered merrymaking and drinking. Now, when Caligula got drunk he was just terrible. On this occasion he was worse than ever.

He called his bodyguard and charged the citizens, pushing them into the sea, children and all. He is said to have drowned over 500 that way.

Next day he started more "fun." He ordered his men to break a bridge on either side of an island and then he called his fleet and attacked the island. His warships rammed the island and made havoc; and Caligula called the ships off so that he might make a grand assault himself with special troops.

He stood waving his trident of gold as his ships rowed in and broke up the island, and again hundreds of people were drowned. Caligula said it was great fun.

He was then told that not only was his money-till empty, but the rations were finished, too. So he rode back over the bridge to Rome.

He had not long landed when a storm arose and broke up the whole of the road of ships; and the loss of these ships meant that grain could not be brought from Egypt and Africa, and Rome was almost starved out.

And that was the end of the "joke" organised by the mad Emperor, and the strangest spectacle the world ever saw. No wonder a tribune of his Guards murdered him on January 24, A.D. 41. They had had enough.

Alfred Rhodes



His stay in Dorset has certainly made an impression on him. You will certainly notice his lilted country accent of which his return to London has not yet deprived him. When we called, David told us that he was going back to Dorset for a holiday before changing his school, so you can see how fond he is of the West Country.

On the subject of holidays, Mrs. Harman was going to spend a few days at Gosport when we called. Her folk there are well, and send you best wishes which are endorsed by your own family.

Your father and mother—who is still working at the Post Office—join your wife in wishing you would write more often, Bill, but they hope you will be back for good soon, so that there will be no more need for letters.


When you do arrive, there will be lots of people at the "Windsor," waiting to welcome you. George, and Bill Bedwell in particular, hope to buy you a pint soon, and your colleagues in the Darts Team will be glad to have you back again.

Tommy is expecting to be out by Christmas, and your sister Ruby is

hoping to come back to London from Devon soon, so they are two more who will be in on the big celebration when you come home.

We probably have no need to tell you that Gwen and her family from Albert Road, and your Aunt and Uncle from Denmark Road, will be participating, and you may even see George from Chichester, complete with the new car he has bought.

Anyway, here's hoping in the words of Pat that "your ship comes in soon," and for good this time.



Our address still is:
"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

A London Cop in the South Seas

NOT a soul was on deck, dead or later if it was needed. Next he saw Archie Buller waiting for main witness in the case I have on hand."

Behind the wheel he saw the name of the schooner in faded letters: one word—Tahita. Urt knew this did not refer to her port of registry.

It was a native word for "far-off land." There was nothing else to identify her.

She was in waters which were outside the jurisdiction of Papeete, but he had neither time nor inclination to drag her round the islands. He decided to tow the Tahita down to Papeete, report the find, and hand over the pearls to the governor. The salvage dues would be paid to him later.

Before dark the schooner was tagged to the stern winch of the steamer and the run to Papeete resumed.

Urt ordered some of his men aboard to furl the ragged sails and put things to rights while he went below.

On the floor of the cabin he found a dead man. He saw the man wore the tunic of the police of Tahita, and as he looked at the black features he saw that the man was Towlase, his late cook.

The body was not a pretty sight. Urt got his men to wrap it in canvas, tie it with rope, put a weight at the feet, and hoist it overboard. He murmured a few words from the Burial Service while the while. Then he went back to the cabin.

On the table was a half-empty bottle of rum, and beside it a small of Notre Dame rose above its infibre box such as the natives of Tahiti sell to visitors. Opening the box, Urt saw lying inside a floating over the houses and bunting festooned the vessels cuddling round the wharf.

Captain Urt was no pearl expert, but he realised that these pearls were of some value. He put them back into the box and the box into his pocket.

With a shipload of passengers he had to be careful as to his actions, and he did not want any fuss with port doctors and officials. His owners did not pay him for getting delayed. He went on deck. Everything had been made snug. The schooner no longer rolled. He got the open hatch covered and set the pumps going, while he read a lecture to his men to say nothing about the body they had buried. Their evidence would come out

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At the wharf he looked up and

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"Hullo, Buller!" said Captain Urt. "I see you haven't joined the police yet. How's pearling?"

"Pearling," replied Buller grimly as he dusted down his stained white suit, "is fairly good. I expect you are on the way to the governor with some."

They no longer lounged. Their shoulders were squared, their courage erect, their heads held high. There were several on point duty at the crossroads regulating the traffic and holding up the admiring crowds of pedestrians with majestic gestures to let the trickle of vehicles swing past.

The governor was at home and did not keep them waiting for an interview. He received them in his official parlour; but he glowered at Buller, who opened the talk.

"Governor, I have brought Captain Urt. He has found the schooner of Black Gallien."

The governor was a fussy little man, and when Buller made his announcement he stared at the speaker, then at Captain Urt, and his mouth opened several times before he found words to express himself.

"And the pearls?" he gasped. "I have them here," said Urt, and he fished out the fibre box. "Now then, what's all this business? There's a lot I'd like to know—"

"Captain Urt," broke in the governor, "there is much I, too, would like to know. This man who has brought you, may want a passage on your boat from Papeete. But you—you have brought me the Christmas box I desired most, next to Black Gallien's body. We shall have a glass of wine and you will tell me your story."

The wine was brought in. Two glasses. Buller did not take notice of the bottle. His eyes were rang-

"Oh, oh! Is that Gallien's boat?"

"It is. And there were some pearls in a cupboard in her cabin. I was hoping you would bring her in. You are the only skipper on the runs I could trust. That's why I sent a letter to you at Upolu."

"Look here, Buller, I was dead on the eighteenth parallel when I sighted the derelict. Now, how in the name of Mike did you know about her being there? And if you knew she was there why didn't you go after her yourself?"

Buller shrugged his shoulders and grinned.

"Captain Urt," he said, "we'll go up to the governor together and straighten things out. You are the

"I learned things in the London police force, skipper. Maybe you don't know you have Black Gallien's schooner tied to the stern of your ship out there."

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ing between the floor and the fibre box Urt laid on a table.

"Now then, Captain Urt, pray begin. How did you meet in this schooner and the pearls?"

"Oh, tell it and have done," interrupted Buller quietly. "You shall sign it. Such a statement is necessary, for we have the salvage fees to consider."

"We have," agreed Urt, "and I won't be done out of them."

Two pages of foolscap were all that was required for the skipper's statement. When the governor finished writing the skipper signed. The governor took a drink of wine.

"Have you captured Black Gallien?" asked Urt.

The governor put down his glass deliberately.

"Sir," he said slowly, "we would have had Black Gallien hanged ere this but for the cowardice of the man beside you. I regret to say it. For the failure—the obvious failure—of duty he is being discharged from his post of chief of police. To-morrow is his last day on duty."

Urt wheeled and faced Buller, who was looking out of the window, his eyes half closed and his face expressionless.

"I told him that the island life would soften him," said the

"That is so. He trained them. He brought a man with him, one named Towlase—"

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Part 2 of The Derelict

Captain Urt gave a slight start and his hand went to the bulging pocket which contained the fibre box.

"You're almost good enough to be a detective," he rejoined. "How'd you know?"

"I learned things in the London police force, skipper. Maybe you don't know you have Black Gallien's schooner tied to the stern of your ship out there."

"Oh, oh! Is that Gallien's boat?"

"It is. And there were some pearls in a cupboard in her cabin. I was hoping you would bring her in. You are the only skipper on the runs I could trust. That's why I sent a letter to you at Upolu."

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Master of the King's Music

THE office of Master of the King's Musick goes back to the reign of King Edward IV at least, but it was not until the Restoration after the Commonwealth that a noted musician was appointed under this title to advise the King on all matters relating to music rather than to act as a director of the King's bands.

To-day the office is held by Sir Arnold Bax, the noted composer, who is a "classical" composer and perhaps not so well-known to the general public as his predecessors.

But amongst music lovers his symphony, chamber music and symphonic poems place him as worthy to rank with the best contemporary composers of any country.

The appointment, like that of Poet Laureate, is now entirely an honour, although the Master of the King's Music does, of course, advise His Majesty on musical matters, but is not to-day expected to "knock off" suitable music for any and every royal occasion.

King Edward VII discontinued the State concerts which were organised by Prince Albert, and to-day the position of Master of the King's Music is advisory rather than executive.

Nevertheless, Sir Edward Elgar, the first of the "new" Masters of the King's Music, paid a happy compliment to the present King and Queen when, by permission, he dedicated his "Nursery Suite" to the then infant Princess Elizabeth. The Suite became exceedingly popular.

As with Poets Laureate, some of the appointments of Masters of the King's Music in the past have been of men who were mediocre, facile, rather than gifted. Who knows anything to-day of the music of Nicholas Stiggins, Louis Grabu, or George Anderson?

One of the most successful masters was Handel.

He had "deserted" King George I when he was elector of Hanover, but the King forgave him when he came to London, granted him a salary of £400 a year, and later an addition of £200 a year for teaching the princesses.

His "Water Music" for royal processions on the Thames remains a great favourite with concert goers.

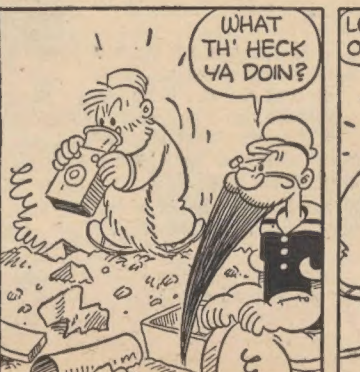
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



QUIZ for today

1. What is the difference between orology and horology?
2. What town in Cornwall used to be called Pennycome-quick?
3. Which planet was discovered by mathematical calculation before being seen through a telescope?

4. Is a bear more closely related to a lion or a kangaroo?
5. What wood is generally used for making drawing-boards and wooden sinks?
6. Name the eight sides of a man.

Answers to Quiz in No. 784

1. Backgammon.
2. 80.
3. Uranus; Sir William Herschel.
4. Camel.
5. Beech.
6. Long-stop is a cricket term; others refer to football.

Wangling Words No. 723

1. Behead slim and get a lamp.
2. Insert the same letter six times and make sense of: ercynchedeter'sauncheonurose.
3. What vehicle can be written in three capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He looked very — with his new teeth, but when he grinned he showed his —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 722

1. B-oats.
2. The police propose to protect personnel.
3. MANTLE.
4. Guests, gusset.

JANE

A London Cop in the South Seas

(Continued from Page 2)

"He was a cook," interrupted Urt.

"He became a policeman, sir. I do not mind admitting that this man Buller trained our force better than we had been able to train them. He made out divisions, numbers, sections, squads. He had parades.

"He applied for the post of chief of police. We defused one of our own men and gave it to him.

"But all this, captain, was merely introducing order. It was not capturing Black Gallien for us. That is where he failed."

"How?"

"It came about this way. This man Towlase, as you know, was a Tahitian, and like most Tahitians he was superstitious. He used to go up to the tomb of Queen Pomare, which is situated in the jungle, and there he would pray for the capture of Black Gallien. Never have I seen a man more devoted to his chief than Towlase was to Buller. He followed him about as his shadow, learning how to be a detective—on the London system. Tahitians believe that if they go to the tomb of Queen Pomare at certain hours the ghosts will give them what they desire."

"It is a pestilential spot," interrupted Urt. "They catch fevers and plague there too. I've heard of it."

"Ah, but the natives have their beliefs, and Towlase went to the tomb often to ask for the death of Black Gallien. He was up there one evening when news came that Gallien had come to the harbor and was creating disturbance among the fishers. The news was brought to me. I sent a messenger to the senger to Buller, ordering him to go down and see what was the matter, but before the messenger

When I arrived at the beach there were the natives crowding round the wharf.

"There was Buller with a squad of his men, and there was Black Gallien launching a boat to take himself off to his schooner beyond the reef."

"It was an easy thing to get him there," commented Urt, with a glance at Buller.

"Yes. For Black Gallien himself helped Towlase aboard and then shouted out to Buller in derision, saying that Towlase was joining for him as a cook and had tired of being a policeman. This was heard by all the people on the beach. I, too, heard it."

"And what did your chief of police do?" asked Urt, with a sneer.

"Our chief of police did nothing—or rather, he did worse. When I saw that he was standing helplessly at the head of his police I approached him, demanding that Black Gallien be pursued."

"It was that Black Gallien had boarded a diver's boat and had plunged a knife into the man, taking away his pearls."

"I then sent a messenger to Buller telling him to arrest Gallien. At last we had power to hang him and capture his crew of ruffians. The diver whom he had killed was a friend of this Towlase."

"Well?"

"Alas, captain, it shows how little one can rely on these natives. I myself went down to the beach in the hope of seeing Buller bring Black Gallien to the gaol in triumph. Had he done that I would have forgiven him saying that the London police are better than the Paris police. I would have made him a public presentation. We should have been friends for life, for Black Gallien has been the thorn in my side many years."

"Mind you, Gallien was taunting the chief of police all the time he rowed away."

"When he was almost at the reef I shook my fist in the face of this chief of police, asking him why he stood like a mule instead of launching a boat, and what do you think he replied?"

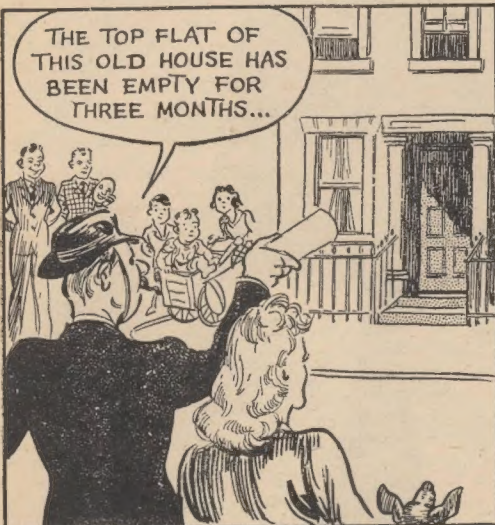
"I can't guess."

"He ordered his men to right about face and march back to the barracks. Then, to me, he said that it would only be dangerous for any one to go after Black Gallien, that he preferred to let him die his own death."

Urt gasped and stared at Buller. The latter was gritting his teeth.

"The yellow streak!" murmured Urt. "After all your talk about the efficiency of the London force! Why, a fine smart chief you were, not to have found out that this Towlase was in league with Black Gallien. And what happened then, governor?"

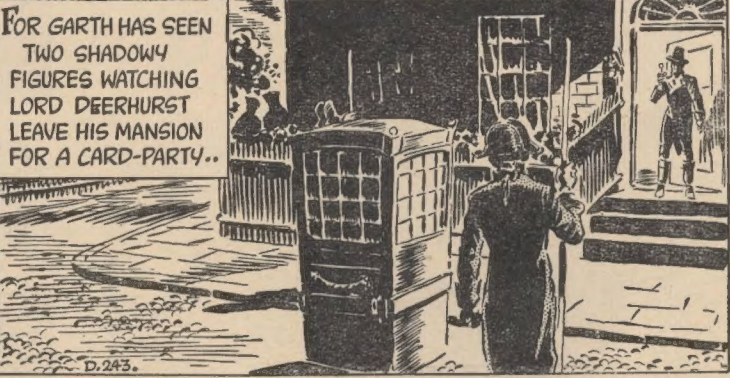
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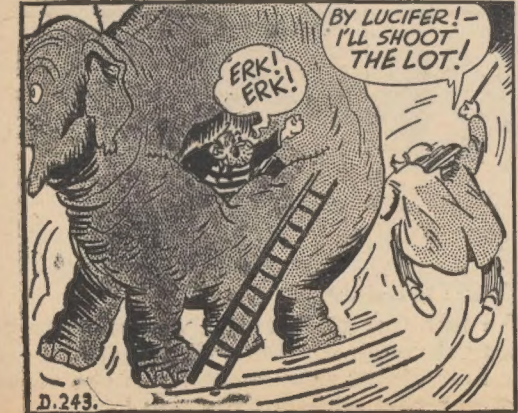
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Gracious Reader, there is peace at last at Arntwee. The contused Captain lies in a state of demi-coma, suffering from severe shock to his semi-colon. His sad minions minister to their machiavellian master...



CROSS-WORD CORNER

AFFECT	SNUB
ROLL	OPPOSE
CRAMP	LATER
HEN	EYE
SKID	ASH
ST	RAISE
M	FEN
OWL	TAN
KAURI	GLAZE
ENTICE	STOP
REED	RODENT

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9					10		11
12				13			
14				15		16	
				17	18		
19	20	21			22	23	24
				25	26		
27	28			29	30	31	
32					33		
34				35			
36						37	

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Measure. 5 Plucky. 9 Laborious. 10 Circle. 12 Disorder. 13 Tree. 14 Long letter. 16 Entreats. 17 Loyal. 19 Files. 22 Tree. 25 Inheritor. 27 Bellow. 29 Duplicitly. 32 Sauve. 33 Deer. 34 Antelopes. 35 Lion. 36 Metal. 37 Unit of force.

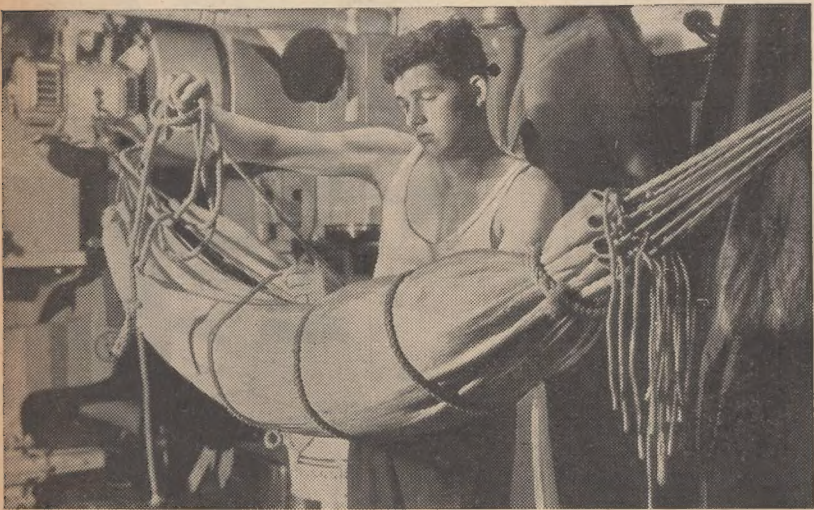
CLUES DOWN.—1 Ship's officer. 2 Poem. 3 Singers. 4 Bird. 5 Narrow leaf. 6 Farm land. 7 In place of. 8 Puzzle. 11 Fuel. 15 Additional. 18 Piece of land. 20 Deck. 21 World group. 23 Vague. 24 Toy. 26 Perfect. 27 Thick wrap. 28 Border upon. 30 Soulded. 31 Persia.

**Good
Morning**



HARVEST.

Stooks of oats catch the last rays of the setting sun. Idle rooks caw throatily from the nodding trees. And there's joy in the old Kentish farmhouse . . . Another harvest won from Mother Earth.



LASH UP AND STOW!

Sad-faced A.B. George Stow lives up to his name, and bends mournful half-hitches round his best friend on the battleship H.M.S. "Anson." Poor chap was dreaming of something that made the ship's roll seem like a smooth glide, when they jerked him out of it. Hence the a.m. gloom.



LOOK UP THERE!

Y oh Y!—and boy, oh boy! Putting a trim trunk under the best V-sign we've pored over is—well, the clue's in the headline, and J. C. is another. Got it?



BLUE-EYED TOSSER.

Janis Carter, throwing her ring away, once gladdened our hearts with her part of an understanding artist's model. We never discovered what was underlying the understanding, but this new bow-view of her beauty makes us think—and what thoughts!



TESTIMONIALS.

Chained tribute to the humour of Nature. A quintette of carrots forced their way through the links of a chain to get to the top—but their feat didn't save them from the stew-pot after we got this odd-shot for you!